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the

Diamond

no. 5



"And WE
can write
too."

1961

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the

Diamond

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TO OUR READERS...

As the newly appointed editor of the Diamond, I would like to thank all our faithful subscribers, congratulate them on their excellent taste in magazines, and last but not least, implore them to remain with us. I wouldn't want Diamond supporters to think that we can't do without them — but the sore truth of the matter is that we really can't. Anyone having a musty, old dollar bill who feels that it is not needed, should look no farther — we need it.

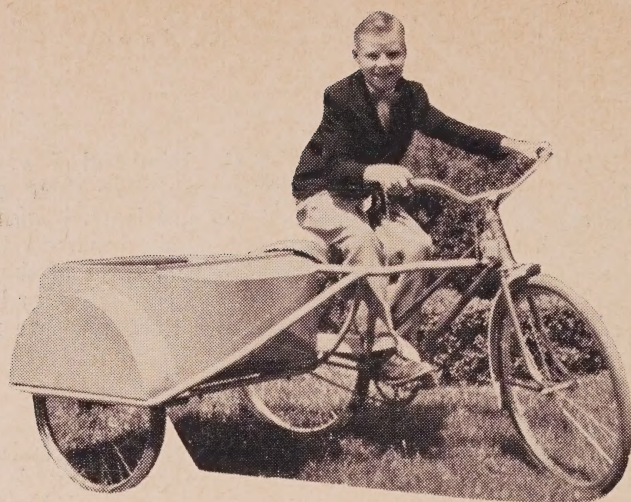
Next, I would like to thank our Foreign Correspondent, Mr. Lex Schrag of the Toronto Globe and Mail for pledging his support to the new regime. Mr. Schrag's literary accomplishments are always well written and bubbling with humour; all told, they are a fine addition to the edition, and we are glad to get our hands on them.

Finally, I would like to thank former editor Norm MacCaud for breaking me in gently, and for acquainting me with the various short cuts and tricks of the trade. I know that all Diamond readers will agree that Norm has done a fine job as editor. I hope that I can do as well.

Earthquaking renovations are not likely to be effected in either policy or format of the Diamond. However, I will attempt to keep the ball rolling, even if I must give it the odd kick now and then.

And some may ask, "what kind of a job is this jerk going to do." My reply — "why not stick around and find out."

P. M.



This is the true story of a child whose carefree legacy of running, leaping, and laughing has been restricted, and who, from earliest realization was forced to combat disease.

It is also the story of how inmates and officers of this penitentiary helped in their own small way to make this boy's life a little happier.

Dennis Huff is an eleven year old boy who is still fighting the torturing after effects of a dreaded disease called cerebral palsy. This disease has plagued Dennis since early childhood. It prevented him from walking until he was five years old. Even then, he was uncertain and shaky in his movements. After two major operations and extensive physio-therapy treatments, Dennis' balance and walking ability are still restricted.

Dennis Huff is a very intelligent and well mannered young lad. And although he is not much of an athlete, he is a sportsman of finest quality. Dennis, in his own stilted way, plays ball with neighbourhood playmates. He does not

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run too well, and at times he finds it difficult to walk, but still he makes his appearance on the baseball field—and he tries. This is the type of courage that is part of Dennis Huff. Knowing that the rest of the boys have full use of their limbs, Dennis nevertheless wades out onto the ball field to play his awkward, but courageous game.

Dennis' father is Vocational Carpentry Instructor at this institution, and he told us that one evening he was watching his boy play ball. The boy seemed to enjoy the game. He tried

hard to compete well—he did compete well—to the best of his ability. But then the game was over. The other boys hopped on their bicycles and rode away. Only Dennis remained behind. He gazed sadly, imploringly in the direction which his playmates had taken, then he turned and hobbled away by himself. Dennis could not ride a bicycle. He could not balance it.

Naturally a father feels very inadequate when he sees that his son is wanting for something. But Mr. Huff was determined that his boy would not be excluded from further cycling excursions. Mr. J. Fowler, machine shop instructor was taken into confidence, and soon it was decided that a sidecar attached to the bike would solve the problem.

The sidecar was quickly designed and the plans were given to inmate machine operators. The inmates were told the story of Dennis Huff, and they responded admirably. The sidecar project was given precedence over other projects, and the inmates went rapidly to work. They handled the project with special care, and exhibited a deep sense of pride in their work. Everyone was eagerly awaiting the completion of the special project. Excitement was at an apex, bubbling over. Everyone hoped that Dennis would like his unique bicycle, and they hoped that it would help him to build strength in his legs.

Dennis liked the bicycle. As a matter of fact, he was overjoyed with it.

Mr. J. Fowler and his fine group of machinists enjoyed making the sidecar, but even more than that they appreciate that they were given the opportunity to bring a little more happiness into the life of Dennis Huff.

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NEW REMISSION SYSTEM

At the last session of Parliament, the Penitentiaries Act came up for revision and among the more important changes was the recommendation for increased "good time" (remission) for inmates of federal penitentiaries.

Rumours had been circulating in the cell blocks and work shops for several weeks concerning the proposed changes, but Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod put the record straight when he visited this prison on June 21st.

The facts are:

(1) The new system will not come into effect until the end of 1961 — probably around Christmas.

(2) When the system becomes effective, all inmates will have the time they have already served deducted from their sentence "without prejudice to any remission already earned". Of the remainder of the sentence one-quarter will be deducted immediately and will be known as *statutory remission*.

(3) In addition to the one-quarter *statutory remission*, inmates will be eligible to *earn* another three days per month. This will be known as *earned remission*. This will be given to inmates who meet certain standards in regard to industry and conduct.

(4) The *statutory remission* will be subject to loss for breaches of prison regulations. The *earned remission* will not be subject to loss for any reason whatsoever. (A separate paragraph for the rough draft of the new act states that an escapee will lose only three-quarters of his *stat-*

REQUIRES ACT OF PARLIAMENT

utory remission, rather than all of it as at present. This is not an act of benevolence, because the escapee could previously lose only the amount of remission he had earned, which in most cases was not as much as the proposed three-quarters will be.)

(5) If an inmate is paroled, he will not have to serve the *earned remission* on parole, but will be required to serve all of the *statutory remission*.

As examples of how the new system will effect men already sentenced and men who will be sentenced after it is adopted, we will give two hypothetical cases.

CONTINUED On Page 24

the
HOUSEBOAT

by
Jim Birnstihl

Amos stopped working in his yard and glanced at the group of small children clinging to the picket fence in front of his cottage. Lean, with long silvery hair and a like coloured beard, he was covered with an old workman's smock which fluttered about him like a cape. It was dirty and paint stained.

Unconsciously, he glanced at the half dozen houses which made up the community of Cross Corners. The origin of the name puzzled Amos. There was just one road running past the hamlet, and the river. The nearest corner was twenty miles north. He reflected on how little Cross Corners had changed over the years. Abe Brubacher, the broom maker, lived beside him all his life; Sam Snyder, the druggist, was another life-long friend. The judge and Widow Brown rounded off the population. There were a few children, belonging to the Widow Brown, of course. Amos glanced at the sign over his gate and made a mental note of painting it. He was advertised as a junkman.

Finally, his day dreaming ended, he picked up a hammer and began working. He was pounding a timber when a voice hailed him. An old man carrying a bundle of brooms was approaching the yard.

"Good trip?" the junkman enquired without stopping work.

The aged visitor, Abe Brubacher, did not answer. He was staring at an enormous wooden structure which appeared to take up most of the yard. To Abe it looked like the skelton of a prehistoric monster that he had seen in a Toronto museum many years before. But it was not. It was, in fact, the beginning of a boat.

Abe took out a pair of black rimmed glasses and stuck them to his nose. He peered incredulously at the structure. "Land a-mighty, Amos," he exclaimed, "what you buildin' there?"

The junkman wiped some sweat from his forehead. "What does it look like I'm makin'?" he retorted.

"Maybe you makin' a houseboat?"

Amos looked disgusted. "It's a ark," he said.

Abe stood silent for a moment. "Don't think I heard you right, Amos. What's that you said?"

"I said I was buildin' a ark!"

"I heard you, but maybe my mind ain't workin' so good. I can't understand you, Amos."

"Ark. A - R - K. Like Noah built. That's plain English, ain't it? Always thought maybe you was a little simple."

Abe folded his glasses and slowly replaced them in his vest pocket. "Why you buildin' it?"

"Got to build it. Had a vision." He started hammering a long board to the rib-like structure. "Seen it a month ago. I was fishin' down river a piece", he pointed toward the water, "when this angel came to me and said, 'Amos, you got to build a ark to save the people of Cross Corners. I don't know why He picked you, but He did...' Said the flood this year was goin' to be the worst ever. Don't know why I was picked either — ain't been to meetin' for five years — but like he said, I was, so I'm buildin' this here ark."

"Said anything to Parson Platch about this yet?"

"Ain't none of his business. Like I told you, ain't been to meetin' for years."

"Noah's Bible, and if it's Bible, it's Parson's."

Amos was silent for a moment. "Widow Brown mentioned it to Deacon Leaderman, so I hear. Told her if I called it a boat it was okay, but if I called it a ark I was a infidel." Amos eyed the structure. "I seen lots smarter people than Deacon Leaderman. It'll be a fine ark when I'm finished."

"It'll be a good houseboat, maybe. But it ain't ever goin' to be a ark." Abe's words were soft, but emphatic.

"It's a ark, I tell you!"

"Tarnation, but you're stubborn, Amos. There's only one ark and that was Noah's. There can't be no more anywhere. Deacon Leaderman was right, even if he ain't smart most times." He shook his head wisely. "And besides, I'm as good at tellin' the weather as most, and I say there ain't goin' to be a flood this year."

You wait and see, you silly old codger," the junkman replied heatedly. "You'll be as glad as the rest to get on when the time comes.

"I won't Amos; but even if I did, it would still be a houseboat."

Amos stood up very straight, his old eyes piercing the broom maker. "Me and you's been friends for more years than I want to remember, and I thought maybe you had more sense than some o' the rest 'round here, Mr. Brubacher," he said. "But I see you ain't. And I guess a smart man like you got more to do with his time than waste it talkin' to a old fool like me."

The broom maker turned and trudged up the road.

His place was taken a short time later by a man who reeked of horse liniment and camphor oil. The smell identified him as Sam Snyder, the druggist.

"How's the houseboat coming today, Amos?" he called. The junkman did not look up from the piece of wood he was planing.

"Say, Amos, ain't you talking to folks no more?"

"When people calls things by their right name I'll talk to 'em. If your eyes is so bad you can't tell the difference between a ark and a houseboat, I'm sorry for you. You better take some of that bitter medecine you're always tryin' to sell and treat 'em with it."

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"MRS. M. RATEZ"



SHE
LIVES
TO
HELP
OTHERS.

by Jim Birnstihl

The kind of person that most of us wish to be, but few are, is Margaret Ratez, Executive Secretary of the Kingston Branch, Canadian Red Cross Society. Unselfish, friendly, and any one of a dozen platitudes can be attributed to her. But, surprisingly enough, it is her friendly, outgoing personality which is deceiving. For it tends to obscure the dramatic nature of her work.

A resident of Kingston all her life, Mrs. Ratez joined the Canadian Army during the Second World War and served for the duration. Her duties were varied, but always interesting. It was during this period that she first drove heavy trucks; often loaded with guns and other machinery of war. Discharged in 1945 when the female branch of the army was dissolved, she was the first woman in Canada to be accepted in the newly formed Canadian Army late the same year. The mother of two children, Margaret resigned from the service late last year with the rank of Company Sergeant Major, no small achievement in the peace-time army for a woman.

A few months later she received a call from the Red Cross Society. They needed someone to answer the telephone at their local office. It wasn't long, however, until her energy and abilities were recognized and she assumed her present position.

As Executive Secretary of the Kingston Branch, Red Cross Society, she is responsible for the fourteen services offered by the agency. In welfare work, for example, she was appalled at the number of local children who would have no gifts to open at Christmas. As a result, she made it her business to see that every child in the district had at least one toy for the festive season.

One of her main concerns is the shortage of rare type blood donors. In fact, for certain types of rare blood, there is absolutely no supply on hand. If an accident victim should require such a transfusion, the possibility of his being unable to obtain the plasma needed is frighteningly apparent. However, Mrs. Ratez spends many hours each week contacting possible donors for special operations and emergencies, but in a

few cases an operation has had to be cancelled for lack of blood.

In finding missing persons her reputation has taken on an international significance. Early this year she received an enquiry from the Red Cross International regarding a Polish youth who had been reported DEAD. Investigating the matter, she talked to the lad's former landlord, who had identified the body. Believing the matter closed, she wired her report to Geneva confirming the tragedy.

A few months later, at a "Blood Clinic" in Kingston Penitentiary, she happened across a name which sounded familiar. At the time, however, she could not place it. That evening, she remembered the name as being the same as the dead youth's, and next day requested permission from the warden to see the man. It was just a hunch, but when the young man refused to see her, she knew she was on the right trail.

A week later Mrs. Ratez was called to Kingston Penitentiary by the Warden, and told that the man would see her. He confessed to his true identity and a new report was dispatched overseas that same day.

It seems that in Poland social castigation is even greater than here, and the young man preferred his family to think him dead than in prison.

But the story has a happy ending. Arrangements are now being made for the man to rejoin his family in Poland after he is released.

No doubt it is this concern for the welfare of her fellow beings that makes Margaret Ratez the unique person that she is. In this day and age, when man seems intent upon destroying his fellow man, it is truly refreshing to meet a Margaret Ratez.

Canadian Red Cross Society



Donations of rich, red blood are never refused by the Canadian Red Cross Society, and the inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary never refuse to donate. For a day and a half, our old auditorium assumed many of the characteristics of an army field hospital as Marg Ratez, her crew of volunteers and a brigade of Ottawa Red Cross nurses pumped a phenomenal total of 332 pints of blood from the inmates. This figure is an all time record for this prison and represents over 77% of the population as donors.

Kingston and area has a quota of 3000 pints to fulfill per year, and it has 50,000 people to donate. The two nearby penitentiaries have the same quota to fulfill, but they have only 1500 possible donors.

An official from the Red Cross informed us that it would be impossible to satisfy the needs of the Kingston area if it were not for the high percentage of donations received from the inmates of Kingston and Collin's Bay Penitentiaries.

Much of the credit for the tremendous turnout of donors is due to the unselfish efforts of our present inmate committee and our radio broadcasters. The inmate committee pasted Red Cross advertising posters from one end of the institution to the other, while announcer Frank Brewer hollered himself hoarse in an attempt to attain a maximum turnout.

The majority of inmates, however, required no prompting. They take pride in these projects, and they may be justly proud that they have faithfully fulfilled their part of a community obligation.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Although this epistle might be significant to any number of incarcerated persons, it was written specifically for the benefit of one inmate who is now residing at Collin's Bay. We hope that this particular inmate and any others who might recognize familiar circumstances will derive a special meaning from the Churl.

Mortgage Manor
Suburbsa, Ont.,
12th of Never.

Mr. Joseph Blow,
c / o the Diamond,
Box 190 Kingston

Dear Joe:

Pardon me for mentioning it, but you're a jerk — a square from Squaresville.

Jake called me up the other day. He said: "Churl, anybody looks at you, right away they feel better about themselves. How about looking up Joe Blow's old lady and giving her a laugh, hey?"

I went around to see your mother. For my money, she's tops. Oh, she isn't any grand dame for looks. So she's forty pounds overweight, she's a comfortable, homey type. She put on a lot of that beef working to support you and your kid sister and brother after your old man took off.

Your sister Aileen is no slouch, either. She's working away to heck and gone the other side of town, and turning in her share to beat the mortgage.

Sure, your home isn't on the best street in town. Maybe it's a run-down neighbourhood. Did you ever take the trouble to notice how neat and clean it is? don't think you did, or you might not have let that creep talk you into trying that bank job. And you on probation, you jerk!

What I can't figure is how a boy like you, who'd kept his nose out of the can up to his twenties, would want to mooch around a lousy pool joint and hang out in that club. That was strictly for come-ons. You bit. Like what it cost you?

At that, you're getting off fairly easy. Your mother told me to tell you that your girl friend, Kathleen, is standing by, hoping you'll make parole in a couple of years.

One thing I'll hand you, you've shown some sense since you landed in The Bay. Jake told me you were keeping your snoot clean, and your mother says you write to her as often as you can.

Your mother's big worry is whether you can get a job when you're back on the street. I said you could learn a trade and be a fairly sure bet for a job when you came out. Don't make a liar of me, Joe, or I'll take a feather and beat out the place where your brains would be if you had any.

All right, I've done my sounding off. Things are pretty good with your family. Your mother is a few bucks ahead of the game and Aileen has got in with some nice kids, bless her. Young Pat is getting along in school, and things look sort of hopeful.

Your mother would like to see you oftener, but it's a long run down there. So I said that next time I'm coming down I'll give her a call so she can arrange to ride down with the churlless and me. She lit up like a Christmas tree when she heard that.

Joe, in spite of the fact that you're a jerk and a square, your mother loves you. In fact, I think she's just enough of a damn' fool that she'd serve out the rest of your sentence if the management would let her. Let me tell you, bub, in some respects, you're a lucky guy.

Yours truly

The Churl

'Dear Joe'—The Diamond—Lex Schrag

THE WORLDS OF CHIPPY PATTERSON:

(311 pp.) — Arthur H. Lewis —
Harcourt, Brace and Company



Philadelphia has produced many great men in its time, but for sheer delight of character Christopher Stuart Patterson, Junior, stood head and shoulders above them all. A lawyer by profession and gentleman by birth, young Patterson — Chippy to all who knew him—established one of the most impressive records as a defense attorney in the history of America. But his almost unbelievable record at the bar is only part of this fascinating story. His privileged childhood and associations with America's wealthiest families; his life as a Devils Advocate; this is the other part of the story. "The Worlds Of Chippy Patterson", though well spiced with exciting court actions, attempts a close appraisal of the man himself, and it often does this with a brilliant clarity. But the host of shady underworld characters who make up Chippy's second world are mentioned only in passing.

Chippy had three experiences during his first year at the University of Pennsylvania which moved him to the head of his class: he was seduced, he spent his first night in jail, and he got blind drunk. But because of his uncanny memory, he managed to pass his ex-

aminations and in 1897 was called to the bar. For the next ten years he did little except drink and chase women. During this period he attempted to curb his drinking several times, but he met with little success. Then, when his health began to fail, he took the cure and for the rest of his life never touched another drink. Thus, ten years after he passed his bar examinations, Chippy Patterson settled down to the practise of law.

The second world of C. Stuart Patterson, Junior, had its head in City Hall, the Courth of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery. Its main arteries were Chinatown, Skid Row, and the death house at Eastern Penitentiary. Chippy moved easily through this murky world. The same personality that drew young "blue bloods" into his circle of friends now worked a similar pattern with prostitutes, bums and gangsters. Chippy's fame grew as word got around that he would accept any type of case, regardless of the person's financial status, and that he was even good for a hand-out. Chippy received no financial help from his family, and because he gave his fees away even faster than he received them, he was usually broke. Chippy frequently lost his office because he could not pay the rent, but this never seemed to bother him. He merely packed his few papers into his ever-present cap and coat pockets and set up shop in some convenient corner of the city. On one occasion he moved into two phone booths in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Even without these handicaps, Chippy's record in court was impressive, to say the least. During the little more than 25 years of his practise he defended 501 murderers. Of these, 25 were "cop killers", a particularly

fashion as they flash before our senses, briefly, then are gone.

Through this world Chippy moved with complete freedom. Many times he was seen walking into Chinatown with a beautiful woman on his arm, not the least of these being Jeanne Eagles, when even the police would not enter in less than groups of 20 or 30. But underworld characters were not his only friends. There was still many lawyers and judges from his first world who has the deepest respect for him. Though his associations were sometimes questionable, he always retained the high ethics of his profession. This, mainly, is where he differed from the ordinary gang "mouthpiece"; many of whom would sit and plan jobs with their clients. Chippy would not hesitate to warn his shady friends that he was an officer of the courts, and as such would report them to the authorities if he ever overheard them making any plans in his presence. It was after the crime had been committed that difficult defence. Of these, 5 were acquitted, 15 went to prison, and only 5 were executed. Of the remaining 476 cases, Chippy won 166 acquittals; 207 of his clients went to jail for an average of 6 years; and only three walked the 14 steps to the death chamber at Eastern Penitentiary.

In this second world of Chippy Patterson we meet a host of fascinating characters: there is Chinatown Flossie, one of the few white women residing in Oriental stronghold of Philadelphia, not called "sister", a title given to all Occidental females—prostitutes, addicts, missionaries, etc., who had forsaken their own. "Flossie", police said, "was all bad". She

was a procurer, fixer, fence, executioner, and Judas. A sexless women replete with vanity, she considered herself Chinatown's Queen. Chippy was her lawyer. We also meet the not too lovable Mrs. Stone, and her staff of 20 girls. She ran a "clean" house and was one of the first persons to pay Chippy a fee. Later he was her client. There are many, many more. We see them in kaleidoscopic Chippy took a vested interest.

The third world of Chippy Patterson was the world of his inner self. What was it that turned him away from the opulent life of his childhood to live among the wrecks of humanity? Was it his parents? Or his environment? Did he feel some kind of kinship with these poor people? Or, possibly, was he a man who just did not give a damn about anything — including justice? I believe you will find it a liberal mixture of all these things and more.

An article which appeared in the *Shingle*, official publication of the Philadelphia Bar Association, shortly after his death, sums it up in another way: "He was more than a public defender. His attitude was almost that of a co-defender. As he stood at the bar of the court, pleading for some victim of fortune's scourge, he seemed to be acknowledging at least some of the guilt in being a member of a society which permitted children to grow up in sordid slums, amid ugliness, vice, and crime, only to die in loneliness and despair."

That the book is quite often sensational cannot be denied. But then, I think you will agree that Chippy Patterson was a very sensational man.

POEM OF THE MONTH

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
 I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.
 Up, up the long delicious burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Where never lark, nor even eagle flew;
 And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

(This poem, written by a nineteen-year-old who was killed in action with the R.C.A.F. in December, 1940, has been ranked by Archibald MacLeish with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields". It shares a case with both these poems in a newly opened exhibition of "Poems of Faith and Freedom" at the Library of Congress.)

bigger than any of your bombs”.

“Quite so,” Sam yawns, “but we are presently manufacturing a bomb that will be bigger and better than any of your bombs.”

“Right,” retorts Oshkabobolov, “but then we, in turn, will make a bomb that will be bigger and better than the bomb which you say will be bigger and better than our biggest bomb.”

“Ho - hum,” Sam again yawns, “it appears to me that we are entangled in a vicious circle. We will always make bigger bombs than you, and you will always make bigger bombs than we. Is it agreed?”

“It is agreed,” Oshkabobolov sighs despairingly.

“Well, what’s next on the agenda?” inquires Sam.

Oshkabobolov scratches his balding dome. “Disarmament,” he sputters.

“Is it possible that we might agree to any terms of a disarmament?” Sam asks.

“Not likely.”

“Are you particularly interested in discussing the subject at greater length?” asks Sam.

“Not particularly.”

“Then that is settled,” says Sam, with a note of finality. “Now that we have completed our business Oss, would you care to join me for a drink?”

“Ah, my dear friend,” sighs Oshkabobolov, “I have been hoping all morning that you would ask me. Thank you, I will.”

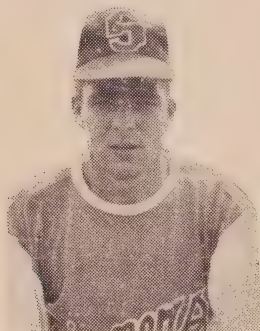
The political opponents walk arm in arm to the nearest cocktail lounge, where they relax and prepare for the battle of wits which is scheduled for the following day. Tomorrow, there may be angry words, but today, togetherness.

Summit conferences are all booked up for the coming year so politicians will be available to justify their highly regarded positions. They will gather at the high level conference, debate meekly about disarmament, and threaten foreigners with bombs and missiles, like a child touting his father’s muscles to the neighbourhood toughs. We suggest that a day behind the closed doors at a summit conference might proceed as follows.

Enter — Oshkabobolov, the Russian delegate; and Sam, the delegate from the United States. Sam immediately slouches into a chair, casually leafing through his document. Oshkabobolov, however is more aggressive; he slaps his brief case noisily upon the desk, and pointing his forefinger at Sam, belligerently announces: “our bomb is

PLAYER of the MONTH

The players of the month were chosen by the Diamond staff in an effort to promote a keener competitive spirit among players. Individuals who appear as player of the month are athletes who would immediately catch the spectator's eye as being outstanding performers and distinguished sportsmen.



The unanimous choice for player of the month from the major league is twenty year old Dino Kanary. Dino is serving a six year sentence which he received in his home town of Toronto, Ontario. Playing as catcher for the Yankees in the major league and also for the Sinners, who represent Collin's Bay against outside competition, Dino is, at all times, a very colorful player with a fine sense of sportsmanship. He exhibits an abundance of hustle and holler; two factors which immediately point to him as the leader or take charge guy on both teams. On July 22 of this year, Dino became the first inmate in twelve years to hit the ball over the penitentiary wall; a distance of three hundred feet. He is presently batting .500 and fielding .950, two substantial averages that would be an asset to any team.

In the spotlight as the minor league player of the month is twenty two year old Les Gow who hails from Chatham, Ontario. In the final stages of a two



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year sentence, Les plays a very competent centre field for the Braves of the minor league. He is a top notch player with lots of hustle in the field and adequate accuracy at bat. Les is currently batting .452 and has a fielding average of .911.

Although the weather has been hot and humid at Collin's Bay, there are still a few sturdy sportsmen who will never say die — the determined baseball clan.

SECTION

by

ED EMSLEY

The Collin's Bay Sinners played seven games against outside competition this summer, winning six and losing one. The Sinners are composed of the choice players from the major league; sort of an all star team. Early in the season, Billy Pierce, one of the Sinner pitchers held Toronto's Teachers College to a shutout. Smart's Braves, the only team to beat the Sinners, were previous victims of a shutout at the hands of the Sinners, but a couple of weeks later they returned with a revitalized ball club to whollop the Sinners eight to four.

In the major league, the hungry Tigers, piloted by Bruce Beechener still retain first place. This team bats and fields well, and so far, seems to have an edge on the rest of the major league teams. Skipper Ed Roach, however, has his second place Yankees breathing down the Tiger's neck, and Ed declares that he has the best team in the circuit, and that time will tell. In the basement, is George Preston and his Indians. George can't seem to get the redmen rolling, but the team is making a fine effort and it would not be surprising to see them wind up in the top spot at the end of the season. Some of the better players in the major league are, Jimmy Armour, George Preston, Bobby Farlinger, and of course Dino Kanary. Sportsmanship seems to be running high in the majors, so let's hope it can continue for the remainder of the season.

The four team minor league has remained much the same since the beginning of the season. Norm Powers and his powerful Leafs have a good sound grasp on the first position. Leafs get fine batting and fielding from old reliable Goodwin. The second place Braves are managed by John Schultz, with Les Gow as one of their standouts, both in the field and at bat. The Braves are having a fine season, but they just haven't the power to overtake the Leafs. In the third position are Champoux and his Red Wings. The Reds acquired an excellent player in the person of Ernie Coates, and could very well make the grade. Last on the roster are the Marlins, managed by Les Chou. The Marlins haven't showed too much up to this point, but in this league, anything can happen, and at least Les and the boys can't sink much lower — which should be comforting.

by
Lex Schrag



CONGRESS OF CORRECTION

From the Diamond's viewpoint, four subjects of particular interest were discussed at the third biennial Canadian Congress of Corrections held in the University of Toronto, May 14 to May 19:

Who should impose sentence?

Should convicted offenders be given indeterminate sentences?

Would productive prison labour really compete with private industry?

Should pre-release centres be established?

Chief Justice J.C. McRuer of the High Court of Ontario insisted that the present procedure, whereby a convicted offender is sentenced by the presiding judge or magistrate, should be maintained.

"The criminal law and its administration can never become a branch of social science," he declared. "It must ever be the business of lawyers, magistrates and judges."

He reasoned that criminal law is established to keep peace between the citizens of any sovereign nationality by threatening penalties against any person who breaks the peace.

Nevertheless, Chief Justice McRuer agreed that the courts should make use of all the help psychiatrists and social scientists can give them.

The courts, he said, take into account the nature of the offender as well as the offence. In one instance, a bush worker was given a suspended sentence on a conviction of manslaughter. He had pushed a drinking companion in a good-natured tussle; the victim fell down a flight of stairs and was killed.

Another man charged before the Ontario courts with manslaughter was imprisoned for life. He had beaten a child to death; he had an anti-social record.

None of the social scientists who addressed the Congress suggested that it was entirely their function to determine the proper sentence for a person convicted of a crime. Several psychiatrists, however, did say that many of the persons convicted of crimes showed signs of emotional disturbance; in one investigation, 23 of 25 young men who had been examined with an electroencephalograph were found to have abnormal brain waves.

One high-ranking official in the corrections system gave his private opinion about sentences:

"Sending a man to reformatory for six months or whatever term you like to name is like saying to a sick man 'You have tuberculosis, but you can only stay in hospital for so many days or weeks'."

He admitted that present inmates of provincial or federal institutions would not take kindly to indeterminate sentences. Yet he felt there will be less reluctant acceptance of the idea in the future.

Imprisonment, the Congress agreed, is imposed for three reasons:

To prevent the offender from repeating his offence and, if possible, to make him a law-abiding citizen.

To deter others from committing criminal acts.

To punish the offender.

The Congress, generally, felt there was little value in the punitive aspect of any penalty imposed on a law-breaker. The only real values in any system of correction were its effectiveness as a deterrent and its ability to rehabilitate the persons committed to it.

The social scientists presented prison inmates as individuals. Chief Justice McRuer showed that the sentence varied with the individual. Hence, the argument for indeterminate sentences: not all individuals respond to the same treatment or the same length of treatment.

Several speakers showed that the indeterminate sentence is already in use: Offenders judged criminally insane, in Canada, are committed to institutions at the Queen's pleasure. In Maryland, habitual offenders can be committed for indefinite periods to undergo psychiatric treatment.

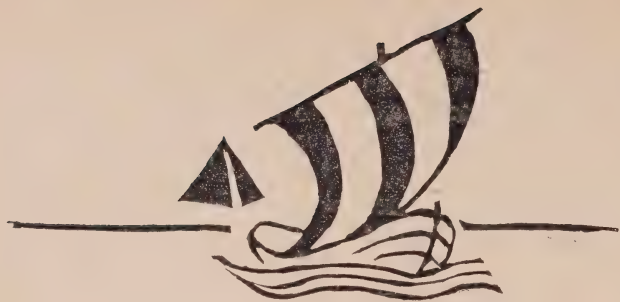
One of the most radical suggestions—to Canadian ears—put before the Congress came from Dr. Paul Cornil, Belgian secretary-general of Justice. He believed prison inmates should be engaged in productive work, even if their products compete with those of private industry.

The competition, he suggested, would not be based on prison labour at less than a dollar a day. He would pay prison inmates the same wages that free men employed in factories received for the same jobs.

He argued: Industry pays most of the taxes from which a nation derives its revenue. Some of these revenues have to be expended on penal institutions. If the institutions produce something useful to the public, the profits from this production can be used to reduce the taxes on industries.

He agreed that the types of goods to be manufactured by prison labour would have to be chosen so that there was no greater competition against one type of industry than another. He urged that productive labour was an important part of the rehabilitative treatment. In Belgium, skilled workmen can be hired from the prisons by selected industries; in other cases, the men work in factories by day and return to their institutions for the night and remain in custody over weekends.

In general, the proposal of pre-release centres (which was advanced some months ago by the Diamond) was given a favourable reception by the Congress. One view was that such centres should be established near, but not in, large cities to give men soon to be released an opportunity to get in touch with potential employers.



The White Man

by Peter Madden

Who were the first Europeans to reach the shores of America? This question cannot be answered with any certainty — at least not at this time. We can guess that it was the Vikings or the Irish, or we can propound theories of our own, either based on legend, or relativity. No matter what we think is the correct answer we know that we can not be certain — there is always that tiny fragment of doubt.

We are certain that the Vikings reached America at a very early date. They have left evidence of their several visits in northern Canada in the North Eastern states of the U.S., and in Labrador. Other evidence has been handed down from generation to generation, in the Norse legends or sagas, which glorify those early rovers.

Were the Vikings the first to visit America? The Irish reply in the negative. No. According to ancient Irish legend, a group of monks sailed out across the great ocean, ultimately reaching a land which their legends describe as closely resembling Labrador.

Neither of these visitors had any lasting influence on the country or its people, but nevertheless it is interesting to trace back into history and attempt to answer the question, if only for personal satisfaction.

During ancient historical times in the Mediterranean civilizations legends were widely circulated about the large and mysterious island of Atlantis. Atlantis was situated somewhere in the rough, wavy waters beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and was referred to as the island enshrouded in mist, or the place of the golden city. The persons who instituted the tales of Atlantis were also the first European visitors to encounter America. These, in all probability, were the seafaring Phoenicians of Tyre and Sidon.

Modern generations hear only vague, handed down accounts of the great Atlantis, but from these accounts if one reads with the imagination, he may find the true story of the accidental discovery of America.

Centuries before the birth of Christ, Phoenician merchants were in the habit of venturing out into the large boundless ocean. Some of these hardy rovers sailed as far north as Britain. Others ventured south along the coast of Africa, while still others, who were more adventurous, pursued a course due west. Those who navigated westward are the true discoverers of America. This is their story.

Trading was at its apex. The wealthy cities of Tyre and Sidon were so prosperous that they decided to finance a colony in the west. A fine site was found along the northern coast of Africa, and the colony of Carthage began its rapid and powerful growth. Many sailing vessels appeared in the new harbour. There was great adventure, not to mention riches to be found in this western land.

At first, merchants sailed to Gaul for silver, but later some of the braver souls began to explore the Pillars of Hercules, until eventually it became

a common thing to venture beyond the Pillars and out into the forbidden ocean. Most sailors of this era stayed very close to the shoreline, but there were some who scorned this method, threw caution into obscurity and sought adventure through exploration. It was one of these men who first began sailing to the small islands. This brave sailor would drift from island to island, charting and taking notes along the way. At first everything was wonderful. He was discovering new places and seeing new sights. The fresh, crisp smell of adventure clung to his nostrils and filled his lungs with a great feeling of freedom. This was happiness, and he was happy and thankful to have found it. Never will I leave the sea, he thought. The sea was his home where he found peace and contentment.

But the great boundless ocean was not always calm. Sometimes the gods became angry with man and unleashed the elements, instructing them to disturb and destroy.

The gods of the ocean were unpredictable — one moment they would sleep lazily in the sun, the next moment they would toss and turn in mad frenzy.

The contented seafarer could not foretell what the rulers of his destiny were planning. He was peaceful, as was the sea around him. Suddenly and without warning, the skies began to crackle and rumble; the great god of the sky began flinging lightning bolts across the heavens. The once bright sun grew dimmer, and the once white, silky clouds turned grey — greyer, black.

The sea was no longer calm, it had suddenly taken the form of a wild

huge and hungry animal. The sea twirled, swooped and dashed. It heaved, lunged, smashed and crashed. It bashed fiercely at the tiny ship, causing it to toss and pitch—to and fro'. Waves—gigantic tenacled waves—threatened to grasp the ship and thrust it to the ocean floor.

Fortunately, the daring captain was accustomed to rough weather. He set out determinedly to wrest the fate of himself and his crew from the gods of the sea.

Hours dragged swiftly into days. Crew and captain fought side by side, hoping, praying and straining to keep their tiny craft afloat. Gradually, after many days of torment, fear and fight, the tossing, twisting, rising and falling ceased.

At last the storm had totally subsided. The weary crew of adventurers searched in all directions for some sign of land. There was no such sign. Hours passed, and still there was no sign of land. None in their midst knew even in what direction they were travelling. Hours rolled swiftly into days, and days rolled just as swiftly into weeks. Still there was no sign of land.

Food and water were getting scarce—dwindling away to nothing. Fear and tension reached into the heart of every man on board. This was worse than the storm. There was nothing they could do; only wait, and wait, and wait; knowing not what they awaited. They were lost.

Hot sun, fear of death and hunger and thirst commenced to gnaw at their minds. They cried, begged, moaned, prayed, cursed, and cackled, but all to no avail.

The captain alone, remained sane under this stress.

Many of the crew members were dead. The rest were dying. Even the captain was slowly wasting away. There was very little resemblance to humanity among the sorry lot. Their strength had left them long ago. They lay silently curled upon the deck, awaiting—even welcoming death.

Then it happened. A pair of keen, but weary eyes, sighted what looked like a large stretch of land, looming upon the horizon. With a last feverish effort toward preservation, the crew rigged the ship and made for the land.

The land was real. It was prosperous—rich in green foliage and abounding with wild beasts. It was a paradise. Greedily, the men drank of the fresh water and ate of the rich green herbs. The water casks on the ship were replenished, and later the ship was repaired.

The day after their landing, they caught small animals, killed roasted and ate them. Soon the fear was gone, replaced by a renewed sense of adventure. They began to explore in the forests, each day wandering farther inland. They encountered Indians who were friendly, and they lived amongst the Indians and were treated well. One group of Indians escorted them many miles to the land of the great city of gold, where they were honoured, and treated as gods.

The captain was amazed by the many wonderful sights that he had encountered, and he was eager to learn more about this strange land. The majority of his crew, however, had become homesick. They sometimes grumbled and became quarrelsome. Some of them had even hinted at mutiny. The captain decided that it was time to return home. Preparations were made for the long voyage. Great quantities of food and

water were stored aboard the tiny ship and, after bidding farewell to their Indian friends, they embarked upon the perilous return voyage.

Surprisingly, the return voyage was not as difficult as they had supposed it would be. Except for a few disturbing squalls the voyage was completed without alarming incident. It was peaceful, and except for fear and worry, even enjoyable. The men were excited about the prospect of reaching their homes and loved ones. It was almost unbelievable. Many of them had thought that they would never live to see their families again. Some thankful men sacrificed to the gods for realizing such good fortune. Others simply sat and dreamed of their future. Even the captain seemed to be dreaming. The men suspected that he was not dreaming of the prospects of reaching home. The crew had sailed with the captain for many years, and not one of them had ever seen him like this before. He was not his usual self. Sometimes for hours, he would sit alone, staring back from whence they had come; a glassy stare frighteningly fixed in his eyes, and a wondering frown wrinkling his forehead. The coast of Gaul on the ocean, was sighted. From there it was relatively easy going, south toward the Pillars of Hercules — and home.

On they sailed toward the Pillars, and at last they were passing through them, sailing directly for Carthage. Carthage was sighted. It had prospered and expanded during their absence.

Excitement began bubbling among the crew. It was uncontrollable—a crescendo of mixed emotions. The crew was dancing, singing and laughing. Every voice was like that of a child.

Crowds of people stood on the wharfs, eager to meet this mystery ship, and to hear the tales of their experience. Two full years had passed. They had been away that long. People at home presumed that they had been shipwrecked, and that they were buried at sea—by the sea.

The crew went ashore, and most of them went directly to their homes, where loved ones were waiting. The captain also went ashore. He went to tell his tale. He told his tale to sailors. They would not believe him. He told his tale to financiers and slavedrivers; he told it to traders and high government officials. Finally he told his tale to beggars, and to the lame and the blind. Few, if any, believed his tale, but still he persisted to tell it. It became an obsession. He must be believed—but he was not.

People began to point at him as they did at idiots and fools. They jeered at him, and incited children to do so. Crews would not sail with him. They feared that he would take them out beyond the Pillars of Hercules and lose them. Even his own crew feared him. They guessed at his motives for another voyage. They guessed that he desired to return to Atlantis, and they wanted no part of a second voyage. They had defeated the gods once. That was enough.

The great captain lost his ship, and his status. He lost all his worldly possessions. He was finally reduced to a wharf scavenger. He still persisted to tell his tale. All day he sat on the wharf, telling his amazing tale of high adventure to anyone who might want to listen. Many people listened but few believed. Visiting merchants heard these tales of Atlantis. Soon the tales

began to circulate throughout the then known world. It was not long before the captain was old and wrinkled. His life was miserable. The gods had taken revenge. He was utterly forsaken.

The old captain died, thereby escaping the tortures that the gods had burdened him with. He died, but his tale lived on. People began to remember the old tale of Atlantis. It was told and retold all over the then known world. The once unbelievable tale grew in popularity, and long after anyone could recall where or why it originated, it came to be believed.

Centuries after the old captain had returned, others began to search for the lost Atlantis. None ever found it. These later generations who failed to find the mysterious Atlantis supposed that it had sunk into the sea. They called the sea Atlantic. The old captain alone knew that Atlantis did not sink. But he was dead, and would remain dead. He could not return. Perhaps they should have listened to him while he was alive, but they wouldn't.

Maybe from wherever he is, the captain can see Atlantis now. I wonder, is he proud?

REMISSION From Page 4

Inmate "A" has been sentenced to four years and has already served 14 months when the new system becomes effective. He has earned 92 days (approximately 3 months) "good time". His time will be computed as follows: time served (14 mos.) will be deducted from the total sentence (48 mos.) leaving a balance of 34 months. Of this balance, one quarter will be remitted immediately leaving $25\frac{1}{2}$ months. From this, he will be credited with the 3 months remission already earned and be eligible to earn an extra three days for each month of imprisonment. After subtracting the remission already earned, he has a balance of $22\frac{1}{2}$ months to serve. If he serves 20 months of this and earns three days per month (60

days), he has only $\frac{1}{2}$ month left. Inmate "A" will then have served $34\frac{1}{2}$ months *in prison* on his four year sentence. (Under the old system he would have served 37 months and nine days.)

Inmate "B" is sentenced to four years after the new system is adopted. He immediately has one-quarter remitted leaving him with 36 months. While serving this period, he may earn three days per month extra. If, therefore, he earns this three days every month for 32 months, he has his sentence reduced by 96 days. Deducting the 96 days from the 36 months, he must serve only 32 months and 24 days of his four year sentence. This is only 24 days more than two-thirds of the sentence.

ASSISTANT
DEPUTY
WARDEN

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Custody, in any penitentiary, is a word with a big meaning. At Collin's Bay Penitentiary it is no different, especially for Mr. William Westlake who was recently appointed to the position of Assistant Deputy Warden in charge of custody. The responsibilities accompanying this position are extremely important including security of the prison, movement of inmates and officers, inmate discipline, custodial staff direction, and, inmate reception and discharge.

The greatest responsibility mentioned, is security of the prison. This is the task of making certain that no inmate ventures upon an unauthorized and extended vacation, and that no untrustworthy inmate be placed in any position which might enable him to vacate. Very naturally then, Mr. Westlake might frown upon any inmate who happens to decide that he deserves a holiday and tries to take it.

A permanent resident of Kingston, Mr. Westlake is married and is the father of three children; two boys and a girl. He started his career with the Department of Justice in 1948 when he served as a clerk in the Chief Keeper's Department at Collin's Bay. In 1959, he was transferred to the Penitentiary Staff College, where he served as a member of the instructional staff until early this spring, when he was promoted to his present position.

"You mean you ain't talking to anybody that won't call it an ark?"

"I sure ain't!"

Sam paused a moment to wipe a wood shaving from his sleeve. "You won't be talking too much then. You can't just go and make yourself somebody from the Bible...Judge Staib came into the store last night. Know what he said?"

"Still talkin' about the time he shook Mr. King's hand in Ottawa, I suppose. Never talks about nothin' else."

"Yes. But he was saying a lot more. He says you're disgracing the whole county. Says if you keep it up you should be put in the lunatic house. Says if you don't stop he'll see about getting the papers."

Sam paused a moment to see what Amos' reaction would be to the announcement. There was nothing. He returned to his shop without another word.

A while later a black model "T" Ford sped past the junkman's yard. Amos spotted the judge behind the wheel but did not acknowledge the friendly wave. The judge had never been inside a court room as far as anyone knew, but he was Deputy County Bailiff at Conastoga; his neighbours felt this position amply justified the more dignified title of Judge. He was obviously the richest man in Cross Corners, having bought a car and painted his house. He was fat in only the way politicians are fat: with a stomach swollen like a watermelon. His suit was unpatched and cut in an attempt to be fashionable.

"Says I'm a lunatic, does he. Well, I'll show him when the flood comes."

For some weeks the old man continued working on his boat. Gradually it took shape as hour by hour it grew. The ark lay in the all green grass of Amos' yard for over a month. It was complete. Then, late one afternoon it began to rain. Lightly at first, but it turned into a downpour. It rained hard for two weeks, and the rumour of flood grew.

Amos began packing his craft the second week of the rains. Then one morning they awoke to find the rain had stopped, but the sky was still dark. Looking out their windows, the people of Cross Corners saw the slight rise of land on which they lived was now an island, surrounded by a vast area of churning, dark water. It was astonishing.

The Widow Brown was the first out of her house and she ran straight for Amos' yard. She saw him before his house-like craft. His face was clean shaven for the first time in forty years. Around his neck was a stiff white collar fixed to an immaculate blue shirt. On his head was an old silk top hat.

The Widow repressed her surprise. "Water's sure come up sudden, hasn't it Amos?" she said nervously. "I just dropped over to ask if me and the kids can come aboard. We'd like to bring a few things, if it's the same to you."

Amos dug a finger between his neck and collar. "You can come," he said.

He showed the family into one of the two cabins on deck. It was marked "FOLKS" over the door. The other was marked "ANIMALS". "Ain't brought on my fowl yet. You can lend a hand if you want."

He was still darting around the dry portion of his yard, after a fat duck, when the Judge pulled up in his car.

"Lord a-mighty, how that water's risin'," he panted. "Never seen anything like it. You got a place for me, ain't you, Amos?"

"Sure, I got a place for you. But I want to find out a couple of things first."

"What you want to find out?"

"I want to know if you apologize for sayin' you was goin' to take out lunatic papers on me."

Judge laughed loudly. "You ain't goin' to take a thing like that serious, are you? Why, Amos, you must a known I was jokin'."

"You apolgize?" Amos was firm.

"Course I apologize."

"Another thing I want to know. And this is real important Judge. Is it a houseboat you're gettin' on, or is it a ark?"

Judge's beefy countenance lined with earnestness. "Course it's a ark, Amos. Ain't I been sayin' all the time it's a ark? Why, you just ask the folks at Conastoga. I was the one took your side when Deacon Leaderman started talking against you." The Judge's eyes were bright. "Can I get on now?"

"Yea," Amos drawled.

Sam Snyder stood bleakly in front of his store. He had packed up dozens of boxes and set them in his yard. He saw the junkman watching and hurried over. "Guess you got a place for me and the missus and these here boxes, maybe, ain't you, Amos?"

The junkman remained transfixed. "I guess, maybe. If it's a ark."

Sam shuffled uneasily. His friendly face hardened and he said: "There ain't no room for me aboard your houseboat then."

His wife, a plump little woman, had meanwhile joined the group. She looked anxiously at the piled boxes. "Well, mister big-shot, what you gonna do with all this here stock then? You gonna let it spoil? I didn't know you had money to burn. Wouldn't give me none o' that French powder, would you? Too expensive you said. So now it can all go to waste, eh? Just because you're pig-headed." She had a sharp tongue.

"Ain't dollar bills that counts. It's what's right." Sam was bending a little. "Besides, they'll send a boat out from Conastoga soon."

"Sure," she said, "tomorrow, or the day after." She pulled unhappily at her girdle strings. "You're some fool, you are Sam."

He looked sheepishly at Amos. "All right, I guess it's a ark."

The ancient Abe appeared at the gate next. He was being propelled by a tall, long boned woman clenching a clay pipe between rows of dark teeth. With her free hand Mrs. Brubacher was dragging a reluctant cow.

She gave her spouse a final thrust that sent him flying to the feet of the unmoved Amos. "Get on there now," she commanded, paying no attention to Amos. "Mighty quick, too."

"Just a minute, Mr. Brubacher." Amos' voice was cold. "You and your animal and your wife is perfectly welcome aboard. That's what I built it for. But first I want some information from you. I want to ask you particularly because you're a man who knows all about everything; the Bible, and the encyclopedia, and dictionaries and all the books and subjects there is. Now what I want to ask you is a question about languages. You must have studied Latin and Greek and maybe even

Hebrew when you was gettin' ready to be a broom maker."

He waved a hand toward the crimson monster. "I'll appreciate your tellin' me, Professor. I'm a ignorant man; never went to all the colleges you did. So would you mind lookin' at this and tellin' me: Is it a ark you're lookin' at — or is it just a houseboat? I know that ain't no easy question, Professor. But I ain't in no hurry. You can take all the time you need a-an-swerin'."

"I don't need no time. I know. It's a damn houseboat," old Abe exploded.

He took but one step before he came into contact with his mean looking wife. "I thought I told you to say it was a ark?" Her voice was very cold.

"I ain't goin' to be a infidel or a liar for nobody," he declared.

"Goin' to sit in your house and drown?"

Abe did not reply. She quickly turned to Amos and said: "He can go where he wants. Me and this cow is goin' with you, Amos."

The water continued to rise and early in the afternoon they were able to move the boat into the front yard and tie up to the maple tree. At the same time Abe was forced, by the rising water, to crawl out onto the roof of his cabin. Amos eyed him somberly.

"Better get started for Conastoga," Judge said. "Looks like a bad storm comin' up."

"Not yet," Amos said. "We'll wait a spell, I think."

The Judge looked up at Abe. "What you doin' up there? You waitin' for somethin'?"

"Oh, a lot of things come to Cross Corners for them that waits. Maybe if I sit here long enough a angel will come with a big harp and a golden

book." He was trying to be funny.

Amos spat a wad of chewing tobacco into the water. "It was a horn he was holdin'," he grunted.

Judge paced the deck, mumbling to himself and looking at the black sky. "Abe," he called at last. "There's a storm coming up and you're causin' us a heap of trouble. Now Sam here says it's a ark, and he's a business man. And I say it's a ark, and I'm a county officer. You ain't nothin' but a broom maker, Abe. What's a broom maker doin' standin' against a business man and a Deputy County Bailiff?"

"I'm standin' against Amos," was his curt reply.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Brubacher came out on deck. Turning to Amos she said: "We'd best be movin' off. If there's them that wants to drown in muddy water, well I guess they've a right to. But even if they don't wet their silly necks, I wouldn't be comin' back to one of them."

Abe's mouth flew open. "Molly, you ain't talkin' about leavin' me, are you?" You can't leave your husband after 36 years. It ain't lawful, Molly."

"Ain't lawful the way you're actin'."

"But who'd put the liniment on my back when I get the ache? And who'd make my sauerkraut for me?" Abe's voice was beginning to whine. "There ain't nobody can make sauerkraut like you can, Molly."

The flattery left her unmoved. "You can get some other lady."

Abe looked around slowly until his eyes met the stony countenance of Mrs. Brubacher. His head sunk in resignation. "All right, I'll come," he sighed.

"It's a ark, is it?" Amos asked.

Abe could only nod in silent agreement.

It was a perilous journey. The sky

turned night black and the rains came. As the huge boat shot down stream on the crest of the flood, lightning flashes on either side seemed to be firing a macabre salute to the valiant little vessel.

Once, they heard a scraping sound and Amos quickly left the steering oar aft and rushed to the bow. Razor sharp rocks surrounded them. "Must be Kaufman's Flats," Amos said. Just then they all heard a terrible tearing sound from below. Amos rushed down, to be met by water surging through a large hole in the floor. He quickly pulled a board in place and began hammering. When he was finished Judge examined the repair critically. "You got a real fine ark here, Amos. Yes sir, you did a real good job."

The lightning continued as they sped onward. But even so, they were lost. A few hours after the accident, a flash of lightning toppled a huge tree. They saw the land and the tree then, but it was too late. It fell directly across the bow, tipping the stern up out of the water and working the whole craft sideways into the current. The three men quickly grabbed axes and poles and began working to free the craft. After a few minutes of frantic labour, they heard a loud crack and the boat shot free of its burden.

The Judge, chewing a new cigar, wiped the sweat from his brow. Sam Snyder was shaking all over. "You sure built yourself a ark, Amos," he said after a moment. "One of the best I ever seen."

Along near morning Amos gave word to their worst fear. They were quite possibly hopelessly lost. "If we got out in main stream during the night, we could be anywhere." No one replied.

Suddenly, he called for one of his ducks. The Widow Brown obliged. Sam and Judge were busy aft with the steering oar.

"What you want this for?" Widow Brown asked.

"Noah had a dove that he put out to see how close he was to land. I ain't got no dove, but just maybe this here duck'll do."

The noisy bird was thrown off the bow, but a few minutes later returned.

"No land near yet," Amos declared.

An hour later the duck was released again. This time it did not return.

"Guess it's lost," the Judge said.

"Or maybe it did what I wanted. Found land."

A few minutes later they felt the boat sliding on soft sand.

Amos and the Widow Brown ran to the front of the boat. Amos was the first to see it. There, not fifty yards away shrouded in early morning mist, was a tent camp. They learned that it was the refugee centre, set up at Conastoga.

Judge wiped his face with the now soaked handkerchief. "Don't know what we'd have done without you and the ark, Amos. So I'll say it again, what I said before: It's a fine ark, bringing us through the way she did. That angel must have blessed her. A fine ark!"

Sam nodded his head. "I'll say it too, way I said it before, Amos. She's a real good ark." He turned to the broom maker who was scraping some mud off his shoes on a rock. "How about you, Abe? Ain't you sayin' nothin'?"

The old man did not answer for a moment. Gravely, he bent to tie one of his shoelaces; then he stood erect and looked across the muddy water.

"I'm sayin' it's a pretty good houseboat," he said.

A

Vision Group

A



From left to right. Mr. John D., Mr. Dave B., Mr. Ted S., Miss Mary M., Deputy Warden Fred Smith, Mr. Murray D.

Various men and women from parts of Ontario and Quebec, who have combatted and conquered their addiction to alcohol attended the 10th Anniversary celebration of The Vision Group, held in the penitentiary auditorium on June 17th.

The formal ceremony commenced when inmate chairman Ted S. requested that the customary minute silence be observed and the serenity prayer recited.

Deputy Warden Fred Smith spoke next, extending a warm welcome to all guests, further stating that he was exceptionally proud of the progress made by the Vision Group.

Mr. W. C. Rynasko who only recently acquired the status of sponsor to the Vision Group, expressed his apprecia-

tion to all A.A. and Vision Group members for their willing co-operation in recent undertakings. Mr. Rynasko also stated that A.A. has a special benefit to all inmates, and that it is an extremely valuable aid to any rehabilitative programme.

Mr. Murray D. who was instrumental in founding the original Vision Group at Collin's Bay, spoke very briefly, praising the terrific job being done by A.A.

Next on the programme was special guest speaker Dave B., who is a staunch A.A. member, renowned for his work in A.A. throughout Canada and U.S.

Dave began a dynamic oration with the simple, humble statement, "My name is Dave B., and I'm an alcoholic."

In his early youth, Dave drank to extremes. He felt insecure, overburdened... everyone seemed to be picking on Dave. He refused to admit that he had any bad points, and he became burdened with problems. To defeat these problems, Dave turned to alcohol... drowning his woe with intoxication.

He began losing friends rapidly, and came very close to losing his job on several occasions. Nothing could really bother him any more however, because when things got too rough, Dave just returned to alcohol and his problem was solved. This was cut short by an incident which perhaps changed the entire course of Dave's life. Dave was inflicted with a cerebral disease which was a cause of gross indulgence in alcohol. The disease brought partial paralyzation to Dave B.

Paralysis did not stop Dave from drinking for any great length of time however, because soon he realized that when he drank, he could move his stonelike right arm. Thus Dave B. went on with his drinking, steadily becoming worse, until finally his wife placed him in a clinic for alcoholics. The clinic failed to help him, and after several visits to other hospitals and clinics, his wife left him. This was a severe blow to Dave's ego, and he became a storehouse of self pity ... and he continued to drink.

When everything seemed lost and he was ready to despair; when he couldn't even face himself any longer — then A.A. came to him. At first Dave was skeptical and even somewhat derisive, but later after attending one of A.A.'s friendly meetings, he began to understand, he was contrite, he became meek — and finally he became strong and whole, and he no longer wanted to drink. He wanted to lead men away

from drink — and he did. Dave B. is noted as being the founder of A.A. in Montreal, is a trustee of A.A. in New York, and is in great demand as a guest speaker at many A.A. affairs.

Despite his shining success in A.A., Dave declares that A.A. has done more for him than he could ever do for it.

At the close of Dave's inspired speech G.S.R. John D. offered his congratulations to the Vision Group for setting an outstanding and enduring example to all A.A. groups. Later John distributed a number of bronze medallions to several members of the Vision Group. These medallions designate one year's faithful attendance to the weekly meetings.

Secretary of A.A. for Ontario, Mary M. thanked the group for her invitation, and commented on the professional calibre of programme arrangement.

Vision Group secretary Ed C. presented copper plaques to John D. and Dave B., and a fine needlepoint embroidered picture to Marg M. These gifts were presented on behalf of the entire group, as a token of their appreciation.

Chairman Ted S. then adjourned the meeting to the officers dining hall, where guests and inmates enjoyed refreshments and informal conversation. Soon the time for departure arrived, however, and the inmates were returned to their respective cell blocks; once again enmeshed by the routine of prison life.

They did, however, learn a lesson, as they savoured the memory of the day's social activities — a nearness to normality, and silently meditated over the messages radiated by the day's events.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is a money order for \$3.00 —subscription to your very interesting publication, The Collin's Bay Diamond.

It is certainly a well balanced magazine, including as it does, news of recreational activities and rehabilitation programmes. I particularly enjoy the original fiction, and offerings of the Barred Bard.

Sincerely
Edith Fulcher.

Editor's Note: We are very pleased that you enjoy our magazine, and naturally we are pleased that you have subscribed to it. The Barred Bard has become obsolete, but we still offer a poetry page, and of course, we still carry news articles and original fiction, so we hope that you will continue to find enjoyment in the Diamond.

To the Editors,

I like your magazine, but do think that you could do with a different cover once in a while. Why don't you try photos or something else for a cover. The little men are humorous, but sooner or later you are going to run out of little men. What then?

Reader and Friend,
Murray Hasket

Dear Sir,

I am sending \$1.00 to renew my subscription, and also \$1.00 toward whatever you think best. I have been getting your magazine for a long time and always look forward to it. Don't ever let me forget my subscription, when it is due for renewal,

And Oblige,
Mrs. Chas. Johnson

Editor's Note: The additional \$1.00 will be used for photo-engraving, and ultimate improvement of the magazine. Thank you very much for the contribution. It sure comes in handy.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find money order in the amount of \$1.00 for one year subscription to C. B. Diamond.

If subscription not available, or if rates higher, please advise by return mail.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,
Yours truly, John T. Minarik.